Iron County Register

Entered in the Postoffice at Ironton, Mo., as second-class matter.

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VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 46.

IRONTON, MO.,
THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1888.

FOR CONGRESS—10TH DISTRICT:

MARTIN L. CLARDY,

OF ST. FRANCOIS.

The decision of the State Supreme Court in the St. Louis Sunday-law question has been given, and we must confess that it is just what we expected it to be. The law of 1857, by which St. Louis has all along claimed the right to keep wine and beer houses open on Sunday, has been declared unconstitutional. By this decision the city revenue will be curtailed by about $200,000 and many saloon-keepers who cannot afford to pay the present high license without their Sunday trade, will be obliged to shut up their houses altogether. And all this the people of St. Louis will have to take quietly and the same time listen to the old fraud of the dominant party in this State being the "rock of personal liberty."

So says the Ste. Genevieve *Herald*, a paper apparently in the interest of beer-sellers to the exclusion of all law, order and decency. What is a saloon that it should be granted the exclusive privilege of doing business on Sunday? On the day that merchants, business men, tradesmen, artisans, etc., observe by resting from the labor of the week, in accordance with the statute in that case made and provided? The *Herald's* "personal liberty" run mad is just the thing to bring about Prohibition, and it would accomplish that very thing in any native American law abiding community. The REGISTER doesn't want Prohibition, but it doesn't hold that the saloon is too sacred an institution to be closed up tight and fast of a Sunday—in the city as well as in the country.

We notice from an examination of the report of the proceedings of the Republican State Convention that Iron county has been honored—God save the mark—by the selection of one of her citizens as candidate for State Register of Lands. The party of "pure men" and "pure ideas" must be falling into the "sere and yellow leaf" when it can nominate James H. Chase for that office. We know something of the political status—or non-status—of this candidate, in common with the people of Iron county, and will not hesitate as occasion demands to make our statement of *facts*. If our memory serves us it was James H. Chase, who, in the campaign of 1884, was so blatant over a Democratic victory, and then, in order to hold office, became as mild and gentle as the cooing dove. In his sweet and dulcet tones he would speak so kindly of Mr. Cleveland as "an excellent president"—"a man of destiny." How he would smooth his Republican pinions and politically abase himself in order to draw sustenance from the public teat. How he invoked the aid of Schurz—the prince of Mugwumps—to hold him in office, and in order to draw his salary was as "mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." His friends even took the time and trouble to write to Washington and state that he ought to be reappointed, he was so good, so pure. His self abasement, his gentle demeanor availed him nothing, and he had to make way for a Democrat. Then the scene was changed. He seized the first opportunity to spring to his feet in the courthouse and proclaim himself to be a "good Republican." The Democratic fountain had become bitter to his taste since the rations had been withheld, and as the Democrats would no longer *pay* him, his ardor cooled and he went back to his first love and bobs up at the Republican convention a "gem of purest ray serene." There is no gall in this party's composition—none at all—simply a disinterested patriot. He is nominated for State Register of Lands, and rising with that placid, guileless countenance that we all know so well, and showing his teeth through that winning smile that would do honor to Mr. Dickens' "Carker," proceeds to inform the convention that he, James H. Chase, "is the best man in the State for that office; that he has served under two administrations and at the proper time will tell the difference; that he could have been reappointed to his office of Register of Lands at Ironton if he would agree to vote for Cleveland;" but he would not listen to the tempter; he was proof against such propositions. "Get thee behind me, Satin!" What a noble example was that, my countrymen, of moral rectitude! How that convention must have rejoiced and thanked God who had made them such a man! One so spotless and undefiled! After all this noble devotion, to show how wicked human nature can become, there was one Republican orator so malicious as to reflect on Mr. Chase's Republicanism! The ignoble and debased party was promptly "squelched," as he deserved to be, for attacking such a monument of purity as James H. Chase, the gallant "Lochinvar." Dear friends, we dislike to turn from the contemplation of such a pleasing picture to hard, cold facts, but the truth must come, even if it shatter this idol and destroy our faith in human nature. At some future time we will give the reverse side of this picture.

To the Pineries.

GRANDIN, Mo., May 13, 1888.

Ed. Register—On last Thursday night your correspondent boarded the 12:20 train for a trip to the famous lumber region of Southeast Missouri. On the way down we fell in company with Mr. Bill Friday, traveling salesman for Holiday & Co., of Williamsville, whom we found to be a very pleasant gentleman. Mr. Friday was just returning from an extended trip to northern Kansas and Nebraska where he had been placing orders for his firm. We also met J. H. Munger, Esq., of Centreville, who, we learned, contemplates locating for the practice of his profession at Poplar Bluff. Mr. Munger is a promising young lawyer and a clever gentleman. We reached Mill Spring at 3 o'clock Friday morning, procured lodging at the Mill Spring Hotel and retired till a late hour. After eating breakfast we were informed that the U. S. mail hack did not leave for Grandin (better known as White's Pond), our destination, until 1 o'clock P. M., so I concluded to "take in the town" and set out at once to do so. The first thing that struck me forcibly were the signs of several defunct saloons, which called to mind the fact that Wayne county was one among the first counties in the State to adopt the Wood Local Option Law; so it occurred to me that, being a stranger in the place, it would be a good joke to find out how closely they adhered to the law, when to my surprise I found that not a drop of intoxicating liquor could be had, except pure alcohol as prescribed by the law. But on my return I was informed that I had been taken for a spy and perhaps this explains the whyness of my failure to procure a drink. In a short time I met Mr. Evans of the firm Evans & Russell and visited their big store. They seem to be doing an immense business, although the lumber market is a little dull at present. They carry a complete stock of general merchandise, and are drawing a good country trade. The store of Jones & Leeper was next visited and was found to present a neat and business-like appearance. Mr. Jones, one of the firm, was for a number of years with Evans & Russell and proved to be a very popular salesman, and a worthy young man, of whom his former employes speak in the highest terms, though I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him. At one o'clock the hack, driven by a Mr. Hixon, called for me and we started on our long afternoon journey. A few hundred yards west of town we crossed Black River and after passing over a wide range of rough hills we plunged into a dense forest and the monotony of our journey dawned upon me, broken only by an occasional log-wagon creeping slowly along the road with its driver fast asleep, and at one time in the depth of this extensive pine forest a deer went bounding down the hillside which brought your correspondent to his feet and a quick movement of the hack brought him just as suddenly to his seat again. This latter movement awoke the driver who very coolly inquired what I had seen and, on being told, remarked, "why, that's nothing." "Well, said I, "if I had had my gun you would have lost a passenger." "Yes," said he, "and you would have lost yourself," and he dozed off again. Among the hills we saw an occasional valley, all small and far between, yet cultivated and exceedingly productive. This is certainly one of the finest yellow pine regions in the country, and it is simply astonishing to see what inroads the teeth of steel have made, and with increased shipping facilities, which certain projected railroads promise in the near future, these huge forests will soon disappear. Thus our journey continued over the hills and through the forest

> Until, at last, across the ridge,
> We heard the mills a-blowing,
> And saw beyond the village camp
> The hotel lights a-glowing.

We reached Grandin late in the evening and your correspondent left the hack and repaired immediately to the hotel, where, after shaking the dust from his clothes, he found ample accommodations for the night, ate a hearty supper and retired early. In the morning I was agreeably surprised at finding that quite a number of old friends had preceded me to this famous millcamp. Many new and agreeable acquaintances were formed, for the people are unusually clever and sociable, many of them being from the East, yet they have imbibed that spirit of hospitality for which Missourians have long been famous. Grandin is situated in a deep valley between hills which surround it like prison walls on all sides. The Missouri Lumber and Mining Company located here less than eighteen months ago and what was, at first, only a small millcamp has grown into a large and prosperous town. They own several hundred thousand acres of this fine pinery and built the town at a vast expenditure of money. They have here one of the largest and most commodious stores in Southeast Missouri and a ten or twelve thousand dollar stock of general merchandise. Besides they have in operation at this time a saw-mill with a possible capacity of sixty thousand feet per day, and are building one of the largest and finest mills ever erected in this State, which will be equipped with all the latest improved machinery. This mill they expect to have completed by the last of June, and its capacity will be one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day. These mills are situated on either side of the large pond into which the logs are dumped to prevent their "bluing" and to wash the grit from the outside. The logs are brought from the surrounding pinery by log trains which consist of from four to six cars pulled by a steam engine. This train runs on a regularly constructed railroad, built by the company and kept up by a crew of section men. The track is laid up the hollows between the hills and extends far into the forest. The present one extends out about five miles, and when all the logs contiguous to this hollow have been culled the track will be taken up and relaid in another direction. The logs are hauled to the track with ox teams and placed at the upper end of a long incline made of skids, from which they are rolled onto the cars. It is simply wonderful to see how dexterously the train men handle their cant-hooks and how quickly they will load a train. The capacity of each car is eight or ten logs (owing to size) and they will load a train in 40 minutes, not including time of moving in position. These logs are drawn to the pond and thrown from the cars to the ground which slopes at an incline of about 45 degrees, and are plunged into the water by their own momentum. The action of the logs in the water reminds one of huge sea animals. They dive into the lake, one over another, and reappear far out from the shore, where they continue to revolve until they reach the opposite bank. They are always unloaded on the side opposite the mill. The unloading of a train requires but a few minutes, as the moving of a single log will frequently precipitate all on the car. I could go on and describe the manner of raising the logs from the water to the saw, which is always on the second floor, also the process of converting them into various kinds of lumber, etc., until this communication would grow painfully long, if it has not already done so. I could also tell you a fish story, but I desist.

IRONTONIAN.

Old Times.

Ed. Register—As I read the article, "Down East," in the last week's REGISTER, where the writer spoke of those clear, cool streams that come jumping down the sides of the mountains, it carried me way back to my childhood days among those same New England hills; for my father's farm lay partly in the valley and part on the mountain side. The New England hills and mountains are not like our hills and mountains in Missouri: all thrown up in every size and shape; mountains pushed right up through the level plain, with such valleys all around them—for instance, like Shepherd Mountain. The mountains of New England are in long ranges, running north and south, from the Long Island Sound up through all the New England States to the River St. Lawrence on the north, with beautiful lakes and valleys up in the mountains; with clear, cool streams of water winding in and out among the rocks and chasms, and deep dells, fringed with the hemlock, laurel, spruce and hacmatac—and what lovely places for the speckled trout to hide in those pools of water, ever boiling, ever foaming. Ah, how many times have I in the spring time, after the house work was done up in the morning, heard my mother say, "Now, you may take your basket and hook and line and go up to the Fuller brook and get a mess of cowslips and trout for dinner." Do any of my readers know what cowslips are? They grow along the banks of streams in the meadows among the grass in very wet places. The leaf looks something like lettuce leaves, with a beautiful yellow blossom like a buttercup. While gathering those plants with one hand, holding my fishpole with the other, with the hook in the brook, that went winding through the meadow—after my basket was well filled with cowslips I would go up among the rocks and boulders, among the hills, where the brook came jumping over the rocky ledges, among the trees. As you approach one of those deep pools of water, all foaming and splashing, you cast your hook in the boiling, bubbling stream. As the hook strikes the water you feel a sudden jerk on your line and a whiz, and you feel a thrill go all through your body, and as you give a jerk on your pole you bring to air a beauty. How he wiggles and twists; you almost feel as though you were a harp of a thousand strings, vibrating in every nerve. As you take the little beauty in your hand and take it from the hook, there is a feeling of extasy indescribable comes over you. How fresh it brings to my mind, Crosby's "Kitty Clyde:"

> O, who has not seen Kitty Clyde,
> She lives at the foot of the hill,
> In a sly little nook by the bubbling brook
> That carries her father's old mill.
>
> With a basket to put in her fish,
> Every morning with line and a hook,
> This sweet little lass,
> Through the tall heavy grass,
> Steal along by the clear running brook.
> She throws her line into the stream,
> And trips it along the brook side—
> O, how I do wish I was a fish,
> To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde!
>
> Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty,
> My own sweet Kitty Clyde.

Ah, how many, many times I have loitered by the side of the babbling brook with hook and line. The last time I ever went fishing in those babbling brooks was the Saturday before we started for Missouri. My father's oldest brother lived up on the mountain, where a large brook came splashing and rushing down between two mountains. The house was on the west side of the brook, on the lower side of the road. The farm laid on each side of the road. Set up edgewise, almost, on the lower side it sloped down to the brook, and just above the house on the side of the brook was a sawmill, and just below the sawmill the water made a fall of ten or fifteen feet over a solid rock into a large pool of water below. How many fish have been caught at that pool of water I do not know. That Saturday was the twenty-first of April, 1838. I said to my cousin, a young man, "Ansel, I would like to catch one more trout before I go to Missouri; please loan me your hook and line." He said, "There are no fish in the brook; the people have fished till they are all caught." "Well, I wanted to go through the motion once more anyway." So he gave me his hook and line, after baiting it carefully, I threw the hook out into the water as far as the pole would let it go. No sooner had the hook struck the water than a fish caught it. I commenced to play it in, for I found I had hooked some large fish. When I landed it I had the largest salmon trout I ever saw and you never saw a fellow look so astonished as he was. My cousin said, "I'll bet you won't catch any more." After baiting my hook once more I cast the hook in. Soon something had it. This time I hauled in a very large eel, and of all the slippery things I ever got hold of that beat all. After fishing for a while, I found I would get no more bites. We took our fish to the house and had them for dinner. After we came to Missouri, I found there were no speckled trout in the western waters. I felt very much disappointed, for I had anticipated having fine times fishing, as I had heard the western waters were alive with fish, and so they were, but I found they did not bite like those speckled beauties. After all, I have had some rare sport catching fish in the west in the years gone by. I used to hear the people say in early times, and most of them do yet, that suckers and redhorse will shoal from the fifth of May until the tenth. Now, I have found that is a mistake. Fish will shoal when the water is at the right temperature, and at no other time, whether it is April, May or June. I remember one year, soon after we came to this valley, about the time fish aught to shoal, by man's rule, we had a great deal of rain, and the streams were high, and the water was cold, until in June. I had given up all hopes of catching any fish that year. In June sometime I was ploughing my corn the second time, one warm, bright morning; as I came to the end of the corn row, where the creek ran rapidly near the fence, I heard the water splashing and making a great noise. After awhile, I thought I would look over and see what was making such a fuss. My! the creek was so full of great big yellow suckers, they could hardly stay in the water! I hitched my horse. As I had no hooks or wire I pulled a few long hairs out of his tail, and twisted me a snare. I had a nail in my pocket, and some bullets. I laid a bullet on a stone, and, with the nail and another stone for a hammer, I made a hole through the bullet. I then strung the bullet on the hair snare. I then cut me a good pawpaw pole, and the way I snatched those suckers out of the creek was a sight. I caught as many as I could carry on my back, in a short time. I do not think I ever caught finer fish, and faster, than I did that day. And those fish had come to shoal on their own hook; they sent no word, nor even set up a poster, to let us know they were coming. And now this spring the streams have been very low and the water so clear you could see every fish; and such sights of fishermen and fisher-boys! but I saw but few fish. One day my youngest boy said, "Pa, there is just lots of suckers down in the Sycamore hole; if you will take the buggy and drive up through the hole you can keep them above you, and I can stand on the old stump, and we can catch them." So I took my pole in the buggy and drove up through to where he said, and stopped. Several other fellows had come, and were putting out their snares and acting as though they were going to catch something. I said, "What are you fellows trying to catch?" for I could see nothing but a few little fish about as long as my finger. They said, "Don't you see the fish?" "Where?" "Why, right down there!" "What! those little bits of things! Is that what you call lots of fish—oh, pshaw!" I felt so sorry for the poor boys, to think that they should think they were fishing! I felt as though it was enough to make a willow weep, or make the eyes of a potato shed tears, at such ignorance. Just to think, they thought they were fishing!

T. P. R.